

The Undergraduate.

VOL V.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY, 1880.

NO. 9.

TO O. W. HOLMES.

The busy hands of seventy joyful summers
Have wrought for thee a proud, imperial crown,
Far richer in its fire-flashing jewels
Than ever gleamed above a Caesar's frown.

We hail thee king, O happy-hearted singer!
Thy mace, the magic wand of melody;
Thy realm, the hearts whose burdens thou hast light-
ened;
Thy seal, the seal of immortality.

Forgive the thought! Can royalty's cheap honors
Add but one ray of glory to his fame,
Who holds in fee the title of a poet,
With Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, writes his name?

"Do monarchs die?" the prince in wonder queried;
"Sometimes," the courtly pedagogue replied.
Do poets die? From misty days of Homer
The answer comes, No poet ever died.

O, of our smiles and tears so long the master,
How often have the dew-drops of our sighs
Vanished before the sunshine of thy laughter,—
How oft we've wept when tears were in thine eyes!

Now as we see thee standing on the summit
Of a completed life-work nobly done,
The day of life swift to its night declining,
Thy form enhaloed by the setting sun,

We fain would do thee honor ere the darkness
Shall steal thee from us, and can only cry
With outstretched arms of love, "O gentle master,
If love die never, thou shalt never die."

[The poem copied above was written by William W. Gay, '76, on the occasion of the Autocrat's seventieth birthday, and is justly considered to be as fine and appropriate a poem as the event inspired.—EDS.]

THE MAN OF HOMER.

How the character and inner life of those who have lived in past ages may best be studied, is a problem that has long puzzled the minds of men. Scholars have searched among the crumb-

ling relics of ancient grandeur, but have there found only the decay of pride and power. They have studied the pages of history, but have discovered that the object sought was hidden in records of conquests and defeat and distorted by the prejudice and ambition of the writer.

Yet there is a record that reveals the character of those who lived and acted in the early ages into which history fails to penetrate,—those ages whose mightiest granite structures time has long since brushed away; there is a record in which we may read the thoughts and learn the motives that inspired to noble deeds, the passions that glowed within the breast, the divinity to whom they paid their homage; and this record is the epic poetry of those ages. Monuments may tell us of wealth and magnificence, history of victories and blood-shed, but the literature of the age reveals the thoughts and intents of the heart. Herein the poet,

"The sacred historians of the heart and mortal nature's
Lord,"

exerts a power that puts to shame the towering pile, a power that speaks throughout the centuries in deeper tone than history's commanding voice, and which opens to our view the thoughts and inner life of man. Because of this fact the Homeric poems are of priceless worth to us at this age. Written before history properly begins, they have stereotyped on pages of inspired song the thoughts of men in the dawn of civilization. They show us that to-day, with all the light of education, with all the boasted advantage of three thousand years of evolution, by which process it is claimed the irrational beast becomes a man, we have no right to look down upon those of ninety generations ago as a connecting link between us and the thoughtless beast and as desti-

tute of those intellectual qualities and noble passions that exalt and ennoble man in the present. It matter not whether these poems are the work of various authors as they were handed down from generation to generation, or whether they were penned by one great genius Homer. In either case they were accepted by the entire Grecian world as its classic literature. They were recited to applauding multitudes, were quoted by historians and aspiring poets, were on the tongue of every intelligent citizen and were accepted as the literature of the age and faithful record of human nature.

With these writings, then, before us, we may compare man of that age with man of to-day, and see what development has done for the higher attributes of humanity.

To-day honor is a treasure that is guarded by the noble as a jewel choice as life itself. Three thousand years ago the poet put in Hector's mouth these words, and Grecian heroes echoed long the strain: "Better to perish nobly in my country's cause, than have the Trojan maids and matrons say, 'this loss is due to Hector's blind self-confidence.'" For fame, men hazard life and plunge into the heat of conflict. It was for fame that Aeneas ventured his life against the great Achilles, hoping, that victorious, his name should stand before the world as the mightiest in war. But a nobler, tenderer passion glowed within the Grecian breast and warmed his soul and made him a man indeed.

" 'Twas a light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth his low desire."

To this deep rooted love within the heart, the Grecian generals, in hours of danger made appeal; and Nestor says, "Let each man now his children and his wife, his fortunes and his home remember and not forget the dead." It was this that led the wife of noble Hector to clasp his knees in prayer that "she might sleep in death before she saw his wounded body prostrate in the

dust." It was pure and noble love that is represented as leading Odysseus through ten long years of hardship and affliction, that made him scorn a proffered immortality and that, at last, restored him to the bosom of his home. Can any see the warmth and glow of love within the Grecian breast and say, he was not every inch a man?

There is a universal recognition in all these poems of the presence of a higher power, "a Divinity that shaped their end." They bowed in humble reverence before the Deity, a being invisible, immortal—whose temple of glittering, imperishable gold they believed stood on the cloudy heights of Mount Olympus. They looked "through nature up to nature's God," and in the thunder's peal, the ocean's roar, they saw and heard the mighty power of Him who rules the world.

Can we look at the poems this age produced and say they came from inferior beings? Shakespeare and Milton wrote and men catch up their words and ring their praise. Homer spoke and senseless marble leaped into life; he breathed upon the canvass and the world knelt reverently before the God of Art; but in doing this he was true to nature and to human life; he portrayed the passions of the Grecian soul; he expressed the sentiments that were felt in every breast; and only fanned to a brighter glow the fire that had been enkindled in every heart.

Let those here pause and consider, who claim that man with all his noble attributes has descended from a creature that had no sense of honor or desire of fame, that was destitute of love's inspiring passion, unmindful of an overruling God. We have decisive proof that ninety generations ago all these attributes that make man so noble and exalted, were present in the heart as surely as to-day and governed and shaped the life; and if for this long stretch of time we know that man has been as he is, we may fairly judge that these qualities were breathed into his soul when God gave the breath of life. We may conclude that

while civilization, art, science and education have ever been exerting their mighty force to ennoble and exalt humanity, the deep foundation principles, honor, love, devotion and intellectual power, which stand to-day possessed by man alone, have ever been his rightful heritage.

"All that hath been majestic
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simplest heart of all,
The angel heart of man."

GREEK vs. NORSE.

As a result of the common system of education, the word "mythology" brings involuntarily to the mind the songs of ancient Greece. Seeing that Rome barely localized the religion built thereon, we immediately conclude that from the land of Homer alone can we expect suggestions of beauty, and revelations of transmitted principles and characteristics, such as, in reality any national religion will yield from the coffers of the past. Hardest of all is it, to realize, so crude is our knowledge of the land, that in the literature of Iceland we have record of a religion essentially northern, extending its domain over the Scandinavian peninsular and across to continental Europe;—a religion differing widely from the Greek, but not inferior to it when judged by any admissible standard.

Certainly, *we* are in no condition to judge of their comparative merits absolutely, even if such a thing were possible. Under the existing order it is but matter of course that the light and graceful conceptions of the Greeks should to us seem superior to the ruder, and in a sense, coarser, conceptions of the Norsemen. We have become so lost in admiration of the finely finished model that notwithstanding the majesty and sublimity of the engine, we are impressed with nothing but its weight.

But there is a standard we may apply, and a better than simple comparison. Place the two side by side, not as works of art, but as factors in the world's history, and no friend of the

skald and saga need tremble for the issue.

However proudly military Rome may lift her crest, as she points to the enduring record of her deeds, literary Rome must hide her head in shame, looking in vain for a literature, when Greece has claimed her own. Poetry, philosophy, and religion,—what though at times the copy surpassed the original! 'Twas none the less a copy. "The Greek is still a Greek, though clad in Roman toga," and the present influence of the religion which was responsible for the fall of Troy, may be seen, not simply in the Morea, but in the more familiar countries we call Romance. Italy, France and Spain, with so little apparent likeness to the land of philosophy and art, yet in their inner life do show the influence of that adoration of beauty, which in the highest sense, subjugated imperial Rome.

The constant development of Greek worship was toward the æsthetic, and for that reason this became the the of its later influence. Thus Italy mirrored the soul of trans-Adriatic art; and to-day no thinking man can fail to acknowledge the debt we owe to the land of Phidias for its refining grace. But even in the acknowledgment is there shadowed forth a reason why Romance, language and people should shrink weakly back before the oncome of the Norse. The nature, lulled to effeminate lassitude by streams purling through Arcadian vales, must ever fall before that hardened by association with the towering cliffs, the raging torrents and the mighty tempests of "the gusty Skaw." And this communion with personified objects and forces of nature is heart and soul of any mythology.

It was this power, rudeness if you will, that won the battle at Senlac. It was through this element that at Cressy the feudal system failed, when man, *as man*, fought with man the machine. Here were pitted the two characters and systems, one from Greek beauty, the other from Norse might, and the victor's cry was not in French. No longer the Homeric battle, with at-

tendant churls whose chiefs bear the heat of the strife, it is from henceforth a contest in which every man feels upon himself the responsibility of victory and defeat, and will stand *before* his chief in spite of all but Death! This is the outcome of no southern influence, but the blustering independence of the north.

And this same influence, centuries later, still working in the national character, sent forth that hardy band, by whose determined purpose, even bleak New England was new-created in life. And in New England as in Old, this burly religion of giants and giant gods ever reveals itself in the same largeness of spirit, to whose dauntless energy Nature and man can afford no lasting obstacle.

And in the arena of literature the Norseman need not fear for the laurels he wins on other fields. Show me, anywhere outside of Rome, the land of plagiarists, three of equal note, whose writings are as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the south, as are those of Tennyson indirectly, and Taylor and Longfellow directly with that of the north. Bryant was no stranger to the spell, mighty as the Asas who won it.

There is hardly a poet worthy of the name, who has not, consciously or unconsciously, glided along this current; hardly one who does not, in part, owe to this very fact his success in striking a chord universally responsive. And though in philosophy we may bow in reverence to the land of Tales, of Democritees and of Plato, it is not well to forget that the researches of these, so far as they are results of their theogony, are of value only as is the fossil. It is not well to forget that the vital, eternal principles were set in operation by one who drank of the deadly cup because he did not worship "the gods of the city."

And be it in poetry or philosophy, of Germany, England or America; or yet in the staunch manhood of the same, what can this world show, that can without shame stand by its side and say "behold in me the Greek?" Like the scimitar

of Saladin, Greek culture may sever a cushion or a veil, but, like the brand of Lion Heart, noise might well cleave the bar of iron. And as the odorous breeze from athenian olive groves might strike and pass unnoted by some age; defying headland of the Baltic, so in the conflict of time, as upon the sturdy vigor of the North falls the effeminacy of that southern religion and life, it too will part and fade away in unavailing frequents. There was death to one and immortality to the other, in the words of the Prince,

"O tell her, swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North."

AT THE WINDOW.

The daylight fades, and the far-off West
Is tinged by the last faint blush of day;
While mountain summits and pine-crowned hills
Are lit by the sun's far-darting ray.

I turn my face to the window-panes,
And gaze on the twilight's tender glow;
While dimly seen in the gathering gloom
Lie brown fields dotted by plots of snow.

The hours move on and the night comes down:
The moon rides high o'er the dreaming earth.
The shadows rise and the shadows fall;
The fire dies down on the blackened hearth.

Lo! there in the window, broad and deep,
The form of a maiden seems to rest—
A maiden graceful and lithe and fair,
Who looks to the hill-tops, in the West.

Do I hear her humming a tender tune?
Is it maiden or phantom I look upon?
'Tis only a day-dream kept till night,
And the tune is the breeze as it hurries on!

D.

"Pope's rhymes too often supply the defect of his reason."—*Alexander Dyce.*

"O, Robert Burns was a good looking, fine fellow! he was that; rather black and ill-colored; but he couldna help that, ye ken. He was a strong manly looking chap; nane o' your skilpit milk and water dandies, but a sterling substantial fellow who wadna hae feared the deil suppose he had met him. And then siccan ee he had!"

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS:

	Page.
LITERARY :	
To O. W. Holmes [poem].....	129
Wm. W. Gay, '76.	
The Man of Homer.....	129
J. L. Barton, '81.	
Greek vs. Norse.....	131
C. S. Murkland, '81.	
At the Window [poem].....	132
H. R. Dorr, '80.	
EDITORIALS, &C., &C.:	
A Last Word.....	133
Good-bye to '80.....	133
What we Need.....	134
Base Ball.....	134
Beginning and Graduating.....	134
Notice.....	135
The London Athenæum.....	135
Communications.....	136
Reviews.....	136
Town and Campus.....	137
Commencement Programme.....	139
Personals.....	139
Exchanges.....	140
The College World.....	141
Plunder.....	140

EDITORIAL.

A LAST WORD.—We are late once more in issuing THE UNDERGRADUATE, but this time the delay is owing to the absence of Mr. Nichols, the

foreman at the printing office. It is in order to apologize and make promises for the future, and inasmuch as the next number is the last, and the Commencement issue, we can safely agree to be on time. Since this is the last chance we will have to express our views as to persons and things in general, through the medium of the UNDERGRADUATE, we take this opportunity to thank our exchanges for their generous criticisms, our associate editors for their co-operation, and our printers for their uniform courtesey. We have done our best, and now just as we are ready to leave, we realize how we could have done much better and have made the paper worthier of the students and the College. We have found that it is no play to edit a college journal.

The work tends to devolve too much upon one man, and we would suggest to the incoming board of editors, that they divide the labor more equally. By so doing the work can be accomplished easier, and will be done more thoroughly. College journalism has grown to be a part of college education, as the large number of college papers proves, and we say to the men who are to have charge of the UNDERGRADUATE during the coming year, "do your best by the paper, and don't get mad if now and then a sharp cutting criticism strikes you in the face. It does no harm in the end, and it may do good."

GOOD-BYE TO '80.—In a few weeks the class of '80, etc., etc., will leave the time worn walls, etc., etc., and strike out into the great wide world, to fight the battle of life, etc. We have tried hard to think of something new to say, but nothing but the old conventional phrases comes to our mind, so we will say very little, and will dispense with the sentimentalisms which are commonly rung out on these occasions, not because we don't feel them, but because we know well enough that people don't care to hear the old story again and again.

Yes, the old boys are going away. They have hung together for four years, years of work and

play, victory and failure, but only enough of failure to make the victory more pronounced. We are sure that they will leave Middlebury with a twinge of regret at parting, and with pleasant memories of the old halls, memories that will become sweeter and tenderer as the years roll on.

WHAT WE NEED.—What Middlebury College needs is money. It is the "root of all evil," perhaps, but we have always noticed that the majority of mankind, in this part of the country at least, are vigorously digging for the root. Plans have been inaugurated to raise an extra one hundred thousand, and we understand that about one-fifth of that amount has been subscribed during the last few weeks. It looks as though a new era were dawning for Middlebury College, and we hope before many years to come back and see the old halls filled with students as they used to be filled years ago. With this one hundred thousand dollars which the college hopes to obtain, new Professorships will be established, improvements will be made in many ways, and the advantages of the Institution largely increased. It is to be regretted that so many Vermont boys enter colleges outside of the state. With Middlebury College, the University of Vermont, and Norwich University, within our borders, there is no necessity for leaving the Green Mountains to get an education. They all ought to enter *Middlebury* of course, but if they won't do that, we would rather see them at Norwich, or even at Burlington, than packing their bundles, and canvass-covered trunks, and little needle-books, and all the other household articles which a Fresh. brings to college, away from our own mountains, to the plains and valleys of other states. But come to Middlebury, boys, that's what you want to do, and nothing else!

THE boys are much given to ball playing this summer, and at any time a crowd can be raised, who are glad enough to play. When the shadows of evening are about to get up and

gather, even the captain and president (we don't mean Dr. Hulbert) may be seen passing the ball to and fro, between the chapel and Starr Hall. The captain catches with his usual grace, and the president, we are pained to say, catches with *his* usual grace. It is rumored that unless he stops trying to play that he is the pitcher's fence he will have to be gathered together and placed in the cold, cold ground. It is proper to add that he only escapes annihilation by his extreme lack of corpulency, and through the captain's philanthropic disposition. We understand that some of the trees which form the north end of the eclipse are going to be cut down; this would be a good act, as the ball is sure to get lost among them whenever a good batter strikes (and the boys are "rats" at batting!), and this fact causes much inconvenience.

WHEN a sub-freshman leaves his home and sets out on a pilgrimage to the land of college life, the examinations loom up like clouds of doom (at least they did in our case—and they loom some yet), and the four years to come seem like an eternity. But, in the words of everyone, *tempus fugit* with considerable swiftness, and almost before we realize it, he has become a mighty Sophomore, a great chief with seven league boots and a horse on Horace. He has fought against injustice when he was a Freshman, a "tender foot," and fights for it when he is a Sophomore. How soon indeed do a student's ideas change, in regard to the privileges of carrying a cane! And even before he knows that he has been a Sophomore more than a month, he must go to work on the Ram, and waste good ink, good paper, and much time, and some of the common currency of our well beloved country. But now he is a Junior. Ah, the delight of being an upper-class-man! Was there anything ever like it? He is now, we believe, the typical lady's man, but a few days pass away, and with dignity and profundity he discusses the "origin of knowledge," has a theory of the material world,

and is much interested in question of the "genuineness and authenticity of the Bible." He concludes that Labor is the origin of Wealth, and in some cases, decides that he don't want to be rich. Then in a few more days, the warm summer comes, he performs the last act in the drama of college life, speaks his little piece, makes his best bow, and the curtain falls. There is another scene behind the curtain perhaps, a table with the old boys seated around it, rehearsals of the four years events, plans for the future, a warm grasp of each good fellow's hand, and then good bye, for always it may be.

So runs the drama of college life, in most cases, and so rapidly do the days fly away that the Freshman who steps from the train with his shawl and Latin prose in his hands, fear in his heart, a confused jumble of datives and accusatives, nouns and verbs, *xs* and *ys*, in his head, seems only to have visited for a few weeks in the college halls, when he steps aboard again, his head filled with recollections of his class, his pocket book exceedingly lean, but a wealth of old associations which are better than all. As Longfellow says in "The Golden Mile Stone,"

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!"

NOTICE.—Prof. Brainerd Kellogg, who will drill the Commencement and Parkerian speakers, will be in town on the afternoon of June 17th. He desires the Parkerian men to meet him at his house at that time, when he will furnish pieces for those who are not already furnished. He wishes the Seniors to be ready on Friday morning. Prof. Kellogg intends to get up a big commencement, and will do so if the boys are willing to do their part. It is expected that there will be a large attendance of Alumni and friends of the College. The Seniors have spared no expense in procuring fine musical talent, and tho' it is hardly probable that they will clear themselves, they hope that the public will pretty gen-

erally attend the concert, and that the loss will not be too heavy. Posters giving the announcement will be sent to principal towns in Vermont, and lovers of music from abroad will find a rich treat in the commencement concert. A list of the talent obtained will be found in the local columns. They need no introduction to the public.

THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.—The way in which Englishmen sneer at Americans, and make sport of their customs is well known. They receive a rebuke once in a while, however, which must sting them a little. In the June number of Morford's Magazine, Henry Morford gives the London Athenæum the following drive, which is as sound as it is cutting:

"The London Athenæum airs its profundity in the statement that 'Mark Twain and Walt Whitman are the [only] two American writers of American literature.' The ponderous blockheads of the Athenæum have managed to say the wrong things about America and Americans so often that the practice has seemed habitual; but not even that publication has often succeeded in venting anything so splendidly asinine. What is it, oh type blockheads, to be an 'American writer of American literature'? Mark Twain is drolly odd, habitually, in writing or in personal speech; and Walt Whitman is sensationally coarse, with his only approach to a talent demanding notice, lying in that direction. Now does the Athenæum mean to be understood that to be drolly odd or to be sensationally coarse is to be 'American'? Upon any other supposition, the words mean nothing, or less than nothing. And upon this supposition they are a gratuitous impudence. Once more, what is it to be 'American'? So far as we have any information, the average American is supposed to write, when he writes at all, in the English language. In doing so, he may write either as a gentleman or a blackguard, a man of brilliant imagination or a fool. When did it 'come to arrive,' as our French cousins might say, that Americans, writing in the same language as Englishmen, have achieved such a monopoly of the more offensive uses of the language, as to warrant their being characterized as the exponents of the rough and the reckless? We fancy that we remember some English home writers, not strictly classics, either

in their wit or their earnest; and we fancy that we have known two or three American prose-writers, such as Hawthorne, Mottley and Curtis, say,—and a poet or two, like Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, and some of the men of their school, who wrote very fair classic English. The Athenæum has simply—we repeat it—made a collective ass of itself; and the statement to that effect is here put on record.”

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

We wish to call attention to the fact that the paint on the backs of the chapel seats is so poorly applied that it is a great nuisance to the visitors at rhetorical, and to the students themselves. If one leans against the back of the seat, the paint adheres to the cloth, and it is impossible to remove it. Several students have ruined their coats in this way, and several of the visitors have had their garments badly damaged. Isn't it about time to have the difficulty remedied? It has been just in this way for some time past, and nothing has been done. We desire to call the attention of the Faculty to this matter in particular, and request that the seats be put in decent condition. Yours, etc.,

G.

REVIEWS.

STODDARD'S NEW BOOK.—The famous press of Chas. Scribner's Sons have recently issued the complete poems of Richard Henry Stoddard, and the literary world has hailed the book with unfeigned delight. The press are devoting columns to the review of the poems, and whatever we can say, may be only an echo. Through the kindness of the author we are enabled to peruse the volume, and with all others can say that this complete book establishes his position second to no American poet. In the volume is a magnificent portrait of Mr. Stoddard, a face strong and

intellectual, a face which tells the scholar and the poet. The poems are arranged under the following heads, viz: Early Poems (1851), Songs of Summer (1856), The King's Bell (1863), The Book of the East (1871), Later Poems (1871-1880), and Hymns of The Mystics. In the New York Tribune of May 23d, Dr. Ripley justly says:

“The eminent place of Mr. Stoddard among American poets has been won by the long cultivation of natural gifts, combining high creative power of imagination, delicate and subtle fancies, a quick sense of poetic beauty, a singular aptitude for pensive and even solemn contemplation, and an instinctive tendency to transfigure the experience of life into artistic imagery, and tender, graceful, and suggestive expression.”

The volume opens with the memorable “Castle in the Air,” of which Bayard Taylor, Mr. Stoddard's life-long friend, has sung

“In ‘Fancy's tropic clime’ your castle stands
A shining miracle of rarest art.”

It is a miracle in truth, and therein are evidences of classical study, which mark the author as a scholar of broad acquirements. It would be a pleasure to take the book poem by poem, and study it through, but in-as-much as THE UNDERGRADUATE is no encyclopedia, and the volume contains 512 pages, we must be content to take only a hasty survey, glancing at a jewel here and there, shining especially bright amid the luster of its companions. The preface to the book is in the form of a poem, beautiful, grand and touching, with a line here and there that will bring tears to the eyes of any one but a critic who reads to find fault alone. It is proper to say that there are a plenty of this kind, but that they are in a predicament indeed if they hope to find flaws in the volume before us. But to return to the poems. Under “Early Poems,” we find the Hymn to Flora, Spring, Autumn, The Witches Whelp (written as a companion piece to Taylor's Ariel in the Cloven Pine), The Hymn to the Beautiful, and that noble poem, Triumphant Music, all too well known to need comment from us. The “Songs of Summer” open with the

Flight of Youth, a song which is reversed in his "Later Poems," and instead of reading,
 "There are gains for all our losses,"
 reads

"There's a loss for every gain!"

Mr. Stoddard finds a deep sadness in the thought of age, and it creeps into many of his poems, though they are never morbid. Thus it is found in The Book of the East, in several beautiful poems, also in the Later Poems, as Siste, Viator, Youth and Age, The Flown Bird, and that weird, strange poem, Two Kings, which the readers of Scribner so well remember. To illustrate the strength and delicacy of Mr. Stoddard's style, let us quote a few lines from Carmen Naturae Triumphale:

"I Loved the Moon.

Whether she lingers by the porch of Even,

When Day retiring struck his yellow tents;

Whether she scaled the ancient peaks of heaven,

Whose angels watched her from its battlements;

Whether, like early Spring she walked the night,

O'er tracks of cloudy snow;

Whether she dwindled in the morning light

Like some departing spirit loath to go;

Or sifted showers of silver thro' the trees,

Or trod with her white feet across the heaving seas!"

But we must close this incomplete notice; space will not allow us to do the poems justice. We would like to give a brief outline of "The King's Bell," to speak at length of "The Dead Master," to point to the power of "The Guests of State," which was published in the same number of Scribner with Bryant's "Flood of Years," and is certainly as good. But we will close with these words from the pen of a famous and discriminating critic:

"The original power, deep sentiment, tragic pathos, and admirable artistic execution of Mr. Stoddard's poems give them the assurance of a long date in the higher literature of his country. He may claim recognition among the supreme poets of the land without challenge or doubt. His progress from the beginning has been as conspicuous as his genius is exquisite and rare. His fame reposes on true excellence in the poetic art, which is the most certain passport to perennial renown."

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

"Purified as by fire."

Mr. Powell is again at the college.

A steam fire engine has been purchased in town.

The Seniors made no geological excursion this year.

The last college rhetoricals for the year has been endured.

A Senior thinks that agent is from *agens* the present participle from *ego*.

President Hulbert had charge of the library during Prof. Seely's absence.

The Freshmen recite in Latin Testament Monday mornings, in the place of the Greek as heretofore.

Prof. Brainerd was confined to the house for several days with a severe cold. He has again resumed his duties.

The chapel bible was missing for several days and it has been surmised that some of the Freshmen borrowed it to read.

Prof.—"Rome was founded by Remus 753." Freshman (looking up from his note book)—"Was it A. D. or B. C.?"

John Manney has sold out his confectionery and lunch business to Hemenway & Mawson, who took possession at once.

The Senior examining committee are Rev. S. Knowlton of New Haven, and Rev. Geo. N. Boardman, D. D., of Chicago.

Boating upon the creek is very popular, and we doubt if any college can boast of a more interesting place for pleasure sailing.

W. C. Langworthy has rented the rooms formerly occupied by Read, and now has on exhibition a fine lot of furniture and toys.

Our merchant tailor, C. E. Ballou, and Mrs. Hammond, the evangelist, were recently married, and are to remain in town for a time at least.

A Fall River, Mass., company has purchased the cotton factory property and are putting it in repairs. It is expected to soon be in full operation.

Fragments of Senior oratory are wafted through the classic halls and cause even the songsters

among the foliage to delay their melody in silent astonishment.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon and Delta Upsilon societies are building new boat houses. They are to be substantially erected and such as will be ornaments to the creek.

The advertisement in another column, which notices the drug business of Dr. Plumley, should have been L. Hannaford, who has purchased the stock business of Dr. Plumley.

This will be the last regular issue of this year, and as the present financial committee must soon hand over the books to their successors, it is sincerely hoped all subscriptions that are in arrears will be forwarded as soon as possible.

The election excitement has subsided and the one man who expressed his preference for Gen. Garfield when the vote of the college was taken, feels himself the lion of the occasion and a fit man to take the lead of college politics in the future.

At a recent recitation in astronomy, a Junior said, "Observations made upon the star Alpha Centauri, one of the brightest stars in South America, show an annual parallax of less than one second." The Prof. asked him if the position of that star was perfectly clear in his mind.

If anyone chances to see a young man communing with nature and clawing the air as if he were in pursuit of an imaginary June bug or a flock of ravenous mosquitoes, we hope no hasty action will be taken, for it is only a Senior in whom the fire of eloquence burns with unusual glow.

The paint on the backs of the seats in the chapel has caused no little trouble in warm weather by soiling clothing. And not only have the students cause for complaint, but several from town who have attended rhetorical exercises have carried away lasting impressions. It is time something was done to remedy the difficulty.

The following are the members of the base ball club, which has recently been organized, and the positions in which they play: C. G. Wilson, '83, catcher; Jesse Stearns, '83, pitcher; C. S. Murkland, '81, 1st base; P. M. Meldon, '80, 2d base; F. A. Walker, '82, 3d base; B. F. Churchill, '82, short stop; C. B. Ross, '82, left field; H. B. Boice, '81, centre field; C. G. Leavenworth, '82, right field.

Prof., on the subject of optics—"When I look at Mr. B., the rays of light that come from his head enter my eye and are pictured on the lower side of the retina and the rays from his feet, crossing those from his head, are pictured on the upper side; now, why do I not see an inverted image of Mr. B.?" Philosophical Junior, timidly.—"I don't know unless it is because the image is so heavy above and light beneath that it naturally turns over."

The following have been elected by the Sophomore and Freshman classes, as speakers at the Parkerian exhibition:

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Frank Brown, Cornwall, Vt.
J. C. Miller, Hartland, Vt.
G. N. Pollard, Ludlow, Vt.
S. J. Preston, Waltham, Vt.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

B. F. Churchill, Lowell, Mass.
J. B. Felt, Manchester, Vt.
J. B. O'Neil, Bristol, Vt.
Samuel Sheldon, Middlebury.

The exhibition will be held on Tuesday evening, July 6th.

The first organ grinder of the season appeared on the campus recently during study hours and struck up one of his most stirring airs in front of Starr Hall. At about the fourth turn of the crank, numerous tin horns appeared from various windows and joined in vigorously on an accompaniment, followed by a few cow bells on first bass. The organist seemed for a moment to think that the air was not quite heavy enough for so many other instruments, but when a large tin pail falling from the third or fourth floor warned him that not only the music but his monkey also was in danger of being eclipsed, he gathered up his chattels as rapidly as possible and started for more propitious fields of labor, taking the shortest cut from the college grounds.

The graduating class has been remarkably fortunate in securing excellent musical talent for commencement exercises. The combination is different from any which has been obtained for many years. It consists of a mixed quartette, vocal, and a quintette from Germania Band; all Boston talent. The quartette is composed of Miss King, soprano, who has lately appeared be-

fore Boston audiences with marked success; Miss Emily Winant, alto, whose reputation is firmly established; Mr. W. C. Lower, tenor, who is second to no one in Boston; and Mr. Geo. T. Elliot, basso. Germania orchestra we need to say nothing about; its reputation is well known in this community. The class has not spared expense and we hope that it will receive the liberal patronage of the public.

At the the Corporation meeting which was held in Middlebury the 11th of last May, measures were taken by the President and Fellows of the College to raise the sum of \$100,000 for the purpose of more completely endowing the institution and increasing its facilities. Two members of the alumni were at that time appointed a soliciting committee: Rev. M. L. Severance of Orwell, for this state, and Dr. MaGill to solicit subscriptions in the cities of New York and elsewhere. The terms of the subscriptions are, that they shall not be binding or valid in law unless the sum of \$75,000 shall be secured in subscriptions, donation, bequests or otherwise. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Vermont shall be appointed a committee to examine these subscriptions, &c., and his certificate to that effect shall be conclusive evidence that the sum required has been obtained agreeably to the conditions. Three-fifths of the amount realized on these subscriptions is to be invested as a permanent fund and the interest alone to be applied to the expenses and wants of the institution and for the best interest of the college. The committee are hard at work and it is sincerely hoped that they will meet with friends of the college who are willing to contribute liberally for the interest of this institution.

The Euterpe club brought their season to a close with the performance of Dudley Buck's dramatic cantata, "Don Munio," which was given with elegant costumes and scenery, at Academy Hall, Wednesday evening, June 16, under the direction of Prof. E. H. Higley. The characters were distributed as follows:

Donna Maria.....	Mrs. L. M. Fletcher.
Constanza.....	Miss Louise Potter.
Don Munio.....	Mr. C. S. Murkland.
Prince Abadil.....	Mr. J. C. Harvey.
Escobedo.....	Mr. H. B. Boice.
Roderigo.....	Mr. John Kellogg.

Knights and Ladies in the Spanish and Moorish retinues, by the full chorus of the club. Miss Lillie Severance, pianist. The performance was

a brilliant success before a large and appreciative audience. Space will not permit a full report of the entertainment but it was highly interesting throughout.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

COMMENCEMENT, 1880.

SUNDAY, July 4.—Baccalaureate discourse by President Hulbert.

Sunday evening, anniversary of the Philadelphian society; address by Rev. Bishop Wm. S. Harris, D. D., of New York.

MONDAY evening.—Anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa society.

TUESDAY.—9 A. M., Annual Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa society.

10 A. M., Preliminary Meeting of the Associated Alumni at College Chapel.

10:30 A. M., Address before the Alumni at the Congregational Church, by Rev. H. P. Higley, class of '60.

Tuesday evening, Parkerian Prize Speaking.

WEDNESDAY.—8:30 A. M., Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni at College Chapel.

10:30 A. M., Exercises of the Graduating Class.

The Alumni are notified that at the annual meeting of the Association a ballot will be taken upon three names of Alumni of the College to present to the Corporation; one of whom will be selected by them to the office of Fellow.

The Register of the Alumni will be found at the Rider drug store.

The Central Vermont Railroad will carry for fare one way. Return certificates can be obtained of the Secretary of Alumni.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Dr. Benjamin Labaree, for so many years President of this College, and who has since been residing in Charlestown, N. H., the place of his birth, has removed to Walpole, intending to make a permanent residence there.

'22. Rev. Isaac N. Sprague is a resident of Genesee, N. Y.

'22. Rev. Dr. George Howe resides at Columbia, S. C.

'25. Rev. J. B. Wilcox is a resident of Shortville, N. Y.

'32. Rev. Robert F. Lawrence has for some time been residing at Malden, Mass.

'49. Rev. O. W. Winchester is at Fergus Falls, Minn.

'56. The address of the Rev. Moses Marston is Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

'58. Prof. Brainerd Kellogg, Professor in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and Instructor in Elocution at this institution, has been preparing a new rhetoric which is now in press and is expected to be out early in this month. The volume will be printed in a neat attractive form, containing two hundred and seventy-five or three hundred pages. The work will be a unique one in its treatment of the subject, intended to supply the demand long felt by teachers of the art for a text-book which should make the study a practical one rather than a mere map of rules to be learned. The intention is to get rhetoric down from the memory into the tongue and fingers. The science will be fully unfolded and the development of it everywhere supplemented by exhaustive practice in composition. Prof. Kellogg is a thorough master of his subject and possesses the happy faculty of imparting his ideas with clearness and precision. His work will be hailed with joy by all teachers who believe that rhetoric should be made a practical rather than a theoretical study, as it has been generally treated in text-books published hitherto. The publishers are Clark & Maynard, the same firm who published the English grammars of Reid and Kellogg in '76.

'59. Rev. S. L. Blake, who has for some time been located in Cleveland, O., has received a call to the Calvinistic church, Fitchburg, Mass.

'65. Nathan R. Nichols, pastor of the Congregational church in Barnet, Vt., has received a call to Norwich in this state.

'67. Rev. Henry M. Perkins, who has been located at Chandlerville, Iowa, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Rockford, Ill.

'68. Prof. E. H. Higley delivered an address at Swanton Decoration Day.

'69. At the meeting of the Winona Conference held at St. Charles, May 18-19, Rev. J. W.

Bradshaw, of Rochester, preached the sermon.

'73. Rev. Webster Ingersol is located at Kinderhook, N. Y.

'73. Rev. George Brooks, who is located at Woonsocket, R. I., has been in town, and has now returned. His health is improving slowly.

'74. Dr. H. Preston Sheldon of New York was married at Concord, Mass., June 3, to Miss Alice M. Grout, daughter of Rev. Dr. H. M. Grout, the officiating clergyman.

'75. Fred. Swington and wife have been in town.

'76. Rev. Wm. Arthur Remele preached a sermon in the Congregational church in this place a few weeks ago.

'77. Willis I. Twitchell is still at home and is somewhat better, though still unable to go about without crutches.

'78. Rogers and Flagg are both preaching this summer at Prince Edward's Island.

'80. Dr. Wm. H. Sheldon, who went to Denver, Colorado, a short time since, to enter upon the practice of medicine, has been seriously ill and has removed to Leadville.

EXCHANGES.

Since our last issue exchanges have been coming in freely. Many of them are now in the hand of new editors who have succeeded well in their first attempts. We consider the last exchanges received by us in no way inferior to those formerly received. Among our receipts are the University Herald, Williams Athenæum, Targum, Wabash, Tripod, Colby Echo, Tuftonian, Occident, University Press, Reveille, Archangel, College Record, Belatrasco, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Earlhamite, Volante, Brunonian, Ariel, Chronicle, Madisonensis, Oberlin Review, Collegian and Neoterian, Syracusan, College Rambler, College Olio, College Argus, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Dartmouth, Washington Jeffersonian, News Letter, Bates Student, and Nassau Literary Magazine.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Spain has ten great universities.

Japan has one university and twelve colleges.

Three Japanese ladies are studying at Vassar.

At Amherst the Juniors recite in German at 6:30 A. M.

The marking system has been abolished at Columbia.

The Seniors at Williams have voted to graduate in caps and gowns.

Dartmouth has received \$50,000 from Benj. P. Cheney, Esq., of Boston.

The faculty and professional staff of Yale is composed of one hundred persons.

The Alleghany College, Pa., authorities have suspended five students for hazing.

Russia has now eight universities, that at St. Petersburg having 1,000 students.

The faculty of Cornell has voted not to give the base ball nine a leave of absence.

T. DeWitt Talmage will deliver the commencement oration at Richmond College, Va.

The graduating class at Oberlin are limited to five minutes each for commencement orations.

Only those taking a post-graduate course will be given the degree of A. M., at Harvard and Princeton.

A strong effort is being made to change the name of Wesleyan College, as the present one savors too much of Theology.

Eleven Seniors at Columbia, for delinquencies at Chapel, have received notices that they are no longer candidates for a degree.

It is reported that after the coming commencement, graded diplomas will be awarded at Amherst, as in German universities.

The professors of the Russian universities are prohibited by the government from lecturing on tyranny, even such as Nero's or Caligula's.

W. H. Vanderbilt has recently given \$125,000 to educational institutions, \$100,000 to Vanderbilt University and \$25,000 to the University of Virginia.

Daniel Pratt has been at Hanover, has been escorted by the Dartmouth drum corps and horn

orchestra, and unanimously nominated for President of the United States.

The students in Botany at Ann Arbor are required to analyze 100 plants, mount 25, and draw diagrams of 10. The commencement exercises are postponed to July 1st, one week later than ever before.

Dr. Hurst, President of Drew Theological Institute, Dr. Haven, Chancellor of Syracuse University, and Dr. Foss, President of Wesleyan University, have lately been elected Bishops by the Methodist Conference at Cincinnati.

The faculty of Syracuse University, as last year, have decided to have no exercises by the class on commencement day. The exercises will consist simply of an address before the class by Dr. A. F. Beard, and the conferring of degrees.

Hereafter, the degree of M. A. will be conferred by Columbia only upon candidates passing satisfactory examinations in one of five prescribed post-graduate courses. The courses may be designated in general as Literary, Philosophical, Mathematical, Scientific and Historical.

PLUNDER.

A relic of barber-ism—a Senior's moustache.

A Junior studying Greek votes for the "black horse."

"I feel for you," he said, as he tried to get hold of her arm from the outside of one of those wrath-generating circulars.

One of the ladies says the reason she peeps through her fingers during prayers is because the Bible says, "Watch and pray."

Said the Vassar girl on landing, after a somewhat tempestuous sail, "Oh, thank Heaven that I am once more safe on *vice versa*!"

It was a Western Sunday school boy who, on being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

Tutor (dictating Greek prose composition), "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Soph—"It—its under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it."

Prof. in political economy—"Why have woollens, cottons, and hosiery lately risen?" Junior (pushed to the wall)—"Er—er—Vassar's got an elevator."

An intelligent Junior horrified the Professor the other day by explaining how the pressure of the *air in the vacuum* forced water from a pump.

A Chinese rendering of a familiar song :

Was gal name Moll had lamb,
Fleas all samee white sno,
Evly place Moll gal walkee
Ba Ba hoppee long too.

Instructor—I can see no point whatever to your demonstration. Fresh.—Chauvenet says a point has neither length, breadth, nor thickness, and therefore it cannot be seen.

An ambitious young writer having asked, "What magazine will give me the highest position, quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

Prof. in psychology—"What is the first power developed by man?" Senior, somewhat mixed—"Well, I—well—I suppose, the *power to creep*." Senior sits down, amid wild applause.

A Japanese student of English, being required to write a treatise upon the domestic animal, handed in the following: "The cat is a small cattle. When he sees a rat he luminates his eyes.

There is in use at Melbourn a telescope that magnifies 8,000 times. It is so powerful that a newspaper reporter can put his salary under it Saturday night, and imagine that he is about a twenty millionaire going out to Vanderbilt a railroad Sunday morning.

The following from the Vassar Miscellany is in a more studious strain: Prof.—"Miss C. give an example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises." Miss C.—"Logic is an easy study. That's false. I don't like easy studies. *That's* false. Therefore, I don't like Logic. *That's* true." Class is dismissed.

When a country lad enters college as a Freshman, he uses the very profane expression, "Gaul darn it," with reckless ease, but, ere he reaches Sophomore year, the refinement of metropolitanism begins to take hold of him, and he mildly says "by durm." But when, as a Junior, he reaches the lavender trouser, drab overcoat, and eyeglass stage of culture, he twirls his little wisp of a cane in his fingers, and murmurs, "aw, dem it."

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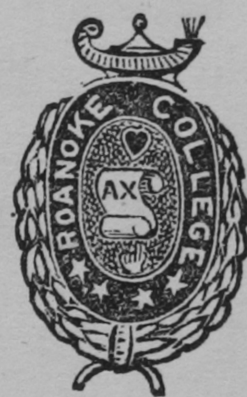
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